

1, 2, 3... Slam

Guttermouth

Okay, here's the story about my mom and dad
One was white
One was black
I bet you think you're glad
I'm a half breed, my skin is fair yet tan
I don't know what the hell I'm on
So 1, 2...1, 2, 3 SLAM!!!Kinky hair when I wake up
Straight when I go to bed
My dad speaks jive talk to me, don't know what he just said
My mother she's a honkey
My dad's Kentucky fried
I don't know what the hell I'm on
So 1, 2...1, 2, 3 SLAM!!!Back at home it's black eyed peas with a pot roast on the side
It's hot dogs on Friday nights
The chicken's country fried
My dad says "Yo boy pass the peas!"
My mom says pass the squash
I need something to ease the pain
So I'll go downtown and get some downersWhoa, man, I'm a little bit slow
But I've got to get up somehow
Got no money
Just a good idea
Let me tell you how
I'll steal my parents credit cards
Oh yes I'll rip them off
I'll go downtown to where dad works
And get myself some cocaine

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>